

CHAPTER FIVE

By Izola L. Merrifield

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Half way between the Crescent ranch and the schoolhouse lay the western border of the Black Hawk range. If Don Easton happened to ride to the ridge of low, rugged buttes above the little valley trail he could catch a glimpse of the new schoolteacher's hat with the violets on it when little Sammie Trent took her to and fro in the backboard from the ranch to the school.

One day Sammie rode out on the range on his own pinto, Buckeye, and told Don the news.

"We've got the new teacher at our place, Don. She's a Jim Dandy too. Pop let me go to school with the rest of the kids just because she said I was wasting my talent hoing round. She ain't a real teacher either. She's studying us folks. Jumping Moses, Don, you ought to hear her talk. And she's going to study you pretty soon. You're chapter 5-on herders."

"Is she homely, Sammie?" Don asked gently.

Sammie shut one eye and clucked his tongue hungrily.

"Gimme two crackers and a dried herring and I'll tell," he said.

Don bargained and handed over two crackers with the herring laid between. Sammie munched contentedly. It was a long way from the ranch.

"Her hair's kind of pretty. It don't curl up exactly, but it kinda a little when the wind blows. And it's brown, kind of. And she smiles sweet as anything, and her eyes are blue, kind of, and she's awful gritty. She's learning to ride, and she fell off once and never yowled a bit."

A week after this the backboard was discarded, and Don saw Sammie ride by on the pinto, while the schoolteacher was on a small light-weight black and white pony. Sometimes she went by alone, as the days passed and her confidence grew. Don would leave the sheep with the dogs and watch for her at sunset, lying face downward in the soft, thick grass on the edge of the buttes. He could see her from the time she passed the cottonwoods that fringed the divide until she turned the corner of Big Butte far down the valley, and beyond the way was clear to the ranch.

There was a secret satisfaction to him in this self imposed duty over her lonely ride. It was a welcome break in the monotony of his life, and he dreaded the time when the grass and water would give out and he would have to move farther on to new range.

When the spring days came and the wild flowers lay like a royal carpet for the feet of the black and white pony the schoolteacher would dismount and gather them on her way through the valley. Then came a day when the sentinel saw from his post that she was in trouble. The black and white pony had wandered alone of her, cropping the grass and new clover, when suddenly he pitched forward, one fore leg sinking deeply into a beaver hole. With his heart aflame, Don had gone to the rescue and pulled the pony out. The ankle was sprained, and she limped badly. Flushing beneath his tan, he had told the schoolteacher who he was, just one of the Crescent herders, and had offered her his horse to ride home on. She had accepted thankfully, and Sammie was sent after the lame pony the next day.

"Ain't she a thoroughbred, though?" he asked, chewing on a bit of dog root he had found down near the creek. "Her name's Marjorie Allan."

"When is she coming to study chapter 5?" asked Don carelessly.

"Guess she hasn't got that far yet," returned Sammie seriously. "She's studying flowers and bees and birds and things now."

"Sammie"—the herder's voice was gentle and persuasive—"don't you want a job herding sheep along about sunset?"

"What you got that's better than herding?" asked Sammie in mild interest.

"A whole nickel a day."

"I'll come tomorrow," said Sammie. The new arrangement lasted a month. Every afternoon at sunset Sammie herded faithfully, while Don and the schoolteacher rode slowly from the cottonwoods to Big Butte. Then one day Don told him he need not come any more, and his face was grim and hopeless. Sammie looked at him shrewdly, while he cracked a switch at a few mosquitoes that were feasting on the pinto's mottled hide.

"She's just a girl, even if she did come from Kansas City and writes books and things," he said pleasantly. "Did she throw you down, Don?"

The herder was silent.

"Cause you're just a herder?"

"Go home," said the other gently without looking at him, but Sammie saw the clinched hands and he rode away whistling.

Three weeks later there came news to the ranch. The herder on the Black Hawk had moved his sheep eight miles northward toward the Big Horn country, and there were growlings among the cattlemen up there over his encroaching on their territory.

"But isn't the range free?" asked the schoolteacher when Sammie explained matters to her.

"You dassent say so nowadays less 'n you've got a gun to back it up," said Sammie. "Pop thinks Don will get all the trouble he's looking for."

Miss Allan looked at him, her blue eyes grave and anxious.

"What will they do to him?"

"Chase him off and scatter the sheep."

Maybe let a little daylight into him if he stops to argue."

"Are we far from him?"

"He's about four or five miles north-east I guess. We could see the smoke if they fired the grass or his wagon," he added encouragingly.

Miss Allan was silent, and Sammie smiled at the pinto's ears. She was getting to chapter 5, he decided, on herders. And he saw, too, that she rode out of her way every day to get a view of the range. And every night at the ranch she asked if news had come from the cattlemen.

But all was quiet until one day the schoolteacher had remained later than usual. Sammie did not question when she turned away from the house path and rode up the hill until they reached a spot where the range lay before them. Far to the northeast a faint line of smoke trailed lazily up to the clouds, and she held her breath as she watched it.

"Sammie," she cried, her hands gripping the pony's bridle tightly, her face paling. "Sammie, what is it?"

"Just smoke," said Sammie shortly, knowing what lay behind the appeal. "I guess we can make it in an hour. Less 'n they've fixed him already."

But she rode on beside him fearlessly until they had passed scattered, frightened groups of what sheep were left, and halted beside the smoking ruins of the herder's wagon. It was she who found him first, lying unconscious a dozen yards from the wagon. There was a wound in his forehead. While Sammie stood with wide, scared eyes, she told him to run to the creek and bring water, then to ride on to the ranch for help.

With the water Sammie had brought her she bathed the wound and kept his parched lips moist, and the black and white pony moved up and down like a restless shadow between her and the charred wagon.

Once he opened his eyes and stared up at her in wonder, and she laid her hand lightly on his hot forehead. "I am sorry," she said softly, and the pony moved out of hearing as he answered her.

A little after moon rise there came the thud of hoofs on the ground and the lone vigil was ended. Next morning Sammie's freckled face looked cautiously in the open window of the room at the ranch where the herder lay.

"Hello, Don," he said cheerfully. "Ain't she got grit, though? Ain't she a thoroughbred?"

Don smiled at him in proud assent, and moved his bandaged head in a half nod.

"How's chapter 5-on herders?" asked Sammie in a whisper.

"All done," said Don, his eyes bright with happiness. "Next one's on weddings, but there's a herder in it, too, and she's going to take the leading part."

The Wily Heavens.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Among the recipients of the usual little cardboard boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied. After the honeymoon of the first persons the newly wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor.

"And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman laughingly after the usual congratulations.

"Ah, ha," returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer. "Me no such big fool to eat him, sah. Me put cake in fire. Burn him up. He he!"

"Oh, that's too bad," said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it, at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same cunning smile. "You owe me money, sah; sendee poison cake; I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Houp lai! He, he! I know you Inglesah."

Love Letter Romance.

Half a century ago a young Englishman while traveling met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her and that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail.

To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them.

They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago and which the writer had forgotten to mail.

The Successful Physician.

During the time spent in this hospital I learned many things that no textbook teaches, among them the secret of the successful physician. I discovered that while knowledge was a necessity it was not the only thing; tact, energy, sympathy and kindness counted for more. The most competent physician was not inevitably the most prosperous, while the assiduously attentive ignoramus who made up in care what he lacked in skill kept the hospital crowded and in the fullness of time had his own sanitarium.—Everybody's Magazine.

Gave Him a Rise.

"Books that have helped me!" chuckled Tommy as he piled enough bound volumes of the Congressional Record on a chair to enable him to reach the shelf where his mother kept the marmalade.

Books Added to the Jarvie Memorial Library During August and September.

FICTION	
Agular, Grace	Days of Bruce
Anderson, pseud	View novel; or, A lesson to fathers
Bell, Lillian	Interference of Patricia
Boyesen, H. H.	Gunnar, a tale of Norse life
Braden, Alice	Judgment
Burnham, C. L.	Dearest bought
	Great love
	Miss Archer Archer
	Same lunatic
Cambridge, Ada	Three Miss Kings
Carey, R. S.	Anna Maria
	Barbara Heathcote's trial
	Heriot's choice
	Queen's white
	Search for Basil Lyndhurst
Chambers, R. W.	Siege of youth
Charles, Frances	Beau's comedy
Dix, B. M. & Harper, C. A.	One woman
Dixon, Thomas	Monastery
Fowler, J. M.	Place and power
Fowler, E. T.	Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
Gold, John	Possessive girl; tr. by Mrs. Wister
Heinburg, W.	Pecavi
Hornung, E. W.	Young blood
	Pong's ambush
King, Capt. Charles	Kitty's conquest
	Waring's pearl
King, M. E.	Bread and wine
Landon, Jack	Call of the wild
McIntosh, G. B.	Sherride
MacKowan, Alice	Last word
Marlatt, E. pseud	Ms. in the red box
	Ballad's maid; tr. by Mrs. Wister
	Gold Elmer; tr. by Mrs. Wister
	In the schillingcourt; tr. by Mrs. Wister
	Wind flower
Mason, Mrs. C. (A.)	Woman of yesterday
Powell, Frances	House on the Hudson
Reed, Myrtle	Shadow of victory
Reichenbach, Morris von	Richards; tr. by Mrs. Wister
Remington, Frederic	John Ermine of the Yellowstone
Russell, W. C.	Captain's wife
Schubert, Oscar	(A. then, my Austria); tr. by Mrs. Wister
Seawell, M. E.	Fortunes of Fill
Streckfus, Adolph	Too rich; tr. by Mrs. Wister
Townsend, E. W.	Less and less
Tynan, Katherine, pseud	Red, red rose
Watkins, (photo, pseud)	Heart of Hyacinth
Watson, John	Beside the loonie-trier bush
Werner, Ernst, pseud	Days of Auld Lang Syne
Wright, Mrs. M. (T.)	Alpine fay; tr. by Mrs. Wister
	Alone
PHILOSOPHY	
McCash, James	Emotions
Smiles, Samuel	Thrift
Wagner, Charles	Better way
RELIGION	
Abbott, E. H.	Religious life in America
Beach, H. P.	Dawn on the hills of Tang
Clarey, J. T.	China in outline
Hudson, Frederick, ed.	Inspiration: a clerical symposium
Jukes, Andrew	New man and eternal life
	Second death and the resurrection of all things
Smith, A. H.	Reveries; an outline study of China
ECONOMICS AND EDUCATION	
Adams, O. F.	Some famous American schools
Brown, E. & Strauss, A. ed.	Dictionary of American politics
Bois, W. E. B.	Scenes of black folk
Ely, R. T.	Problems of to-day
Guntton, George	Principles of social economics
Kear, J. D. J.	Question of slugs
Lewis, R. E.	Educational conquest of the far East
Miller, Hugh	My schools and schoolmasters
Palm, A. J.	Death penalty
Stevie, G. M.	Outline study of political economy
Younans, E. L. ed.	Culture demanded by modern life
CUSTOMS AND MYTHOLOGY	
Bergin, Mrs. F. (D.)	Current superstitions
Mitford, A. B. F.	Tales of old Japan
Walsh, W. S., comp.	Curiosities of popular customs
SCIENCE	
Hill, J. E. pseud	Text-book on shades and shadows and perspective
White, Gilbert	Natural history of Soler
FINE ARTS	
Moore, L. B.	Manual of vocal training
Stainer, Sir J. & Barrett, W. A.	Dictionary of musical terms
LITERATURE	
Burroughs, John	Literary salutes and other papers
Hunt, Clement	History of Arabic literature
Campbell, J. V.	History, travel and biography
Gilmour, James	Outlines of the political history of Michigan
Frank, Ernest	Among the Mongols
Howe, M.	Colorado
Martin, W. A. P.	Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China
Oliver, G. S.	Land and the Book
Thompson, W. M.	Life of Dr. E. K. Kane and other American explorers
Irving, Washington	Oliver Goldsmith
Smucker, R.	Life of Dr. E. K. Kane and other American explorers
JUVENILE BOOKS—FICTION	
Baum, L. F.	Wizard of Oz
Bouvet, Marguerite	Prince Tip Top
Davis, Mrs. R. (H.)	Secret William
Drysdale, William	Kent Hampden
Hale, L. P.	Treasure club
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Last of the Peterkins
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Doughnuts and diplomas
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Little Miss Sunshine
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Seraph, the little violinist
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Story of Kate
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Betty, a butterfly
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Little sister of Wilfred
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Robin's recruit
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Joyous story of Totto
Jackson, Mrs. G. E. (S.)	Totto's merry winter
NON FICTION	
Headland, I. T.	Our little Chinese cousin
Wade, M. H.	Our little Italian cousin
	Our little Norwegian cousin
	Our little Spanish cousin
	Our little Swiss cousin

[Chancery A-191]

Between the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, complainant, and Martha L. Suddam, defendant, Pl. No. 191 for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, the plaintiff, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, complainant, and Martha L. Suddam, defendant, Pl. No. 191 for sale of mortgaged premises.

Beginning on the east side of Broad Street, at the north-west corner of lands formerly of Caleb Baldwin, deceased, I also expose for public sale, on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of October next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract, or parcels of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

Beginning on the east side of Broad Street, at the north-west corner of lands formerly of Caleb Baldwin, deceased, I also expose for public sale, on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of October next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract, or parcels of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

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ESTATE OF CLARA A. P. JOHN.

son, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrators of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

MABEL O. BUTLER, ROBERT E. JOHNSON.

EDWIN A. RAYTOR, Executor.

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